Of course, there were always injudicious friends to say that I had not " chances " enough at the Lyceum. Even my father said to me after " Othello " :

" We must have no more of these Ophelias and Desdemonas 1 "

" *Father !* " I cried out, really shocked.

"They're second fiddle parts—not the parts for you, Duchess."

" Father! " I gasped out again, for really I thought Ophelia a pretty good part, and was delighted at my success with it.

But granting these *were* " second fiddle " parts, I want to make quite clear that I had my turn of " first fiddle " ones. " Romeo and Juliet," " Much Ado About Nothing/' ** Olivia," and " The Cup " all gave me finer opportunities than they gave Henry. In "The Merchant of Venice'* and " Charles I. " they were at least equal to his.

I have sometimes wondered what I should have accomplished without Henry Irving. I might have had " bigger " parts, but it doesn't follow that they would have been better ones, and if they had been written by contemporary dramatists my success would have been less durable. " No actor or actress who doesn't play in the ' classics'—in Shakespeare or old comedy—will be heard of long," was one of Henry Irving's sayings, by the way, and he was right.

It was a long time before we had much talk with each other. In the " Hamlet" days, Henry Irving's melancholy was appalling. I remember feeling as if I had laughed in church when he came to the foot of the stairs leading to my dressing-room, and caught me sliding

down the banisters! He smiled at me, but didn't seem able to get over it.

" Lacy," he said some days later, " what do you think I I found her the other day sliding down the banisters i"